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"Independence Forever"

QUINCY

Old Braintree Merry-Mount

AN ILLUSTRATED SKETCH

By

DANIEL MUNRO WILSON

Price, [illegible] cents

The town of Quincy,—the home of Wheelwright and Coddington; the birthplace of Hancock, the Adamses, and the Quincys; a spot to be held in everlasting remembrance in the history of religious and civil liberty.—JOHN G. PALFREY.

QUINCY GUIDE

FROM QUINCY CENTRE, SOUTHWARD

Old Burying-ground, Graves of Henry Adams, the Quincys, Rev John Hancock, Joanna Hoar.

Stone Temple (1828), House of Worship of First Church of Christ (1639), Tombs of John Adams and Abigail Adams, John Quincy Adams and Louisa Catharine Adams. Memorial Tablets. Small admission fee for attendant.

1 mile. Birthplaces of John Adams (1681) and John Q. Adams (1716). Small admission fee.

1½ mile. Abigail Adams Cairn. Erected June 17, 1896, on spot where Mrs. Adams and the little John Quincy watched the battle flame and smoke of Bunker Hill.

FROM QUINCY CENTRE, NORTHWARD

¼ mile. Adams Academy, site of birthplace of John Hancock.

½ mile. Quincy Homestead (1636), birthplace of Dorothy Q. Free to the public Saturdays, admission fee other days.

½ mile. Adams Mansion (1731), home of the Presidents, of Charles Francis Adams, of Brooks Adams. Private.

½ mile. Presidents' Lane, opposite the Mansion.

2 miles. Josiah Quincy Mansion (1770), Quincy Mansion School; Avenue shaded with four rows of fine elms. Trolley for Norfolk Downs ("Massachusetts Fields") passes both mansions on the way to Boston and Squantum.

4¾ miles. Squantum. Landing-place of Myles Standish; Myles Standish Cairn; Profile Rock.

FROM QUINCY CENTRE, EASTWARD

⅔ mile. Merry-Mount. Grounds of Mrs. John Q. Adams. Private.

⅔ mile. Mount Wollaston Cemetery. Close to the foot of Merry-Mount Burial-place of Charles Francis Adams, John Quincy Adams.

⅔ mile. Merry-Mount Park. Beautiful shore. Merry-Mount near by.

All points reached by trolley. Carriages at station.

It is also convenient to start from Quincy Adams Station, walk the quarter-mile to the Presidents' birthplaces, then take trolley to the Burying-ground and church at the Centre. From here it is half-mile to the Quincy Homestead and Adams Mansion.

Orders for this Sketch may be addressed to

LYMAN A. CHAPIN

QUINCY, MASS.

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QUINCY, OLD BRAINTREE, AND MERRY-MOUNT

An Illustrated Sketch

By DANIEL MUNRO WILSON

THE OLD CEDAR OF MERRY-MOUNT

Boston
Press of Geo. H. Ellis Co.
1906

SUMMIT OF SQUANTUM, OR SQUAW ROCK

FOREWORD.

This sketch is published in response to a demand for a "Souvenir of Quincy" with many illustrations and popular in price. Something of the kind would inevitably be issued. Hence a cogent consideration was that a sympathetic compilation and selection of photographs from ample materials would compass what is desired—a production really worthy of the city—more satisfactorily than one emanating chiefly from commercial motives. Many conspired with this liberal view of things to the extent of generously offering suggestions and furnishing facts and photographs. To Mr. James L. Edwards, treasurer of the Quincy Historical Society, I am especially indebted for material belonging to his private collection or confided to his care. Photographs have been loaned by Mr. Henry F. Guild, formerly of Atlantic; Mr. Wendell G. Corthell; the city clerk, Mr. Harrison A. Keith; Mr. Julius Johnson; Mrs. W. S. Blanchard, and C. B. Webster & Co., the Boston firm which has photographed so many of Quincy's famous houses.

DANIEL MUNRO WILSON.

Patriots' Day, 1906.

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DOROTHY HANCOCK WALL PAPER

"And gladly would we note the noble lives,
The names whose memory in this place survives
In golden gleams along the historic thread
That binds the living to the immortal dead:
Those who through stormy days of battles grim
The struggling nation's counsels wisely led;
And when her pathway grew perplexed and dim,
And help was far, and hope seemed almost fled,
Lifted her drooping head."

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

QUINCY sits enthroned upon her hills by the sea, nourishing her patriotism far-drawn from a glorious past, and facing the future with bright expectancy. A city distinguished among the most famous; the one civic unit in the United States which has given two Presidents to the nation; chosen home of INDEPENDENCE; birthplace of the first signer of the immortal Declaration; native soil of other far-famed leaders in statecraft, literature, and education,—she is also astir with the masterful spirit of this twenti-

eth century. Great in the days that are gone, because of a happy colonization of noble souls; great in the days that are to come she promises to be, because of the people and the enterprises attracted by the singular advantages of her commanding hills and her sinuous shores.

FOR beauty of situation, Quincy is not surpassed by any other town or city fronting Massachusetts Bay. The winding Neponset on the north separates her from Boston, and the Fore River on the south from Weymouth. All between, the coast line

VIEW FROM HOUGH'S NECK

wanders in and out around headlands and inlets, lengthening beyond that of any other sea-laved town in the Commonwealth. Inland, the disposition of hill and upland level seems exquisitely ordered to afford the finest views of the shimmering bay, and the far-spreading plain of ocean, widening to the horizon, blue as the sky.

THE first white men who landed on these fortunate shores were atmosphered by the loveliness of sea and land deepening through rare September days. At that time of the year a party of Pilgrims left Plymouth on an exploring expedition, led by Captain Myles Standish. "Crossing the sweet air from isle to isle over the silent streams of a calm sea," they came to what is, perhaps, the most attractive bit of scenery to be found for miles,—the rocky headland then and there named Squantum in honor of the friendly Indian guide Squanto. So delighted were the Pilgrims with all

MOSWETUSET HUMMOCK

they saw that they wished that "they had been ther seated." This landing was made Sept. 30, 1621, and the event has been commemorated by the erection of the Myles Standish cairn by the Regent of the Adams Chapter, D. R., Mrs. Nelson V. Titus. At the dedication Monday, Sept. 30, 1895, Charles F. Adams, the younger, who delivered the principal address, praised in equal terms the sturdy Plymouth Captain and the faithful Squanto. This also was the burden of the words spoken by Mrs. Titus, Mrs. William Lee, Regent of the D. R. of Massachusetts, and ex-Mayor Charles H. Porter.

Standish was seeking the Sachem of the Massachusetts tribe of Indians, who, it was surmised, might be found on the ancient planting ground of his race, the meadows since called "Massachusetts Fields," or near "Moswetuset Hummock," his traditional seat of rule. Here, on this rocky islet, surrounded by its sea of salt marsh and the brown sands of the shore, was the council fire of the native tribe from which our State takes that name which has been made "a name and a praise in all the earth." "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

MYLES STANDISH CAIRN

"The Sachem of the bay, by Squantum's shore,
Held o'er his feathered warriors sway of yore;
There stood his wigwam in the hummock's shade,
There the maize-tassels with the breezes played,
There the red hunter chased the antlered game,—
Thence Massachusetts took her honored name."

William P. Lunt.

FOR the first settlement upon Quincy territory we come down to the year 1625, when Captain Wollaston established a trading post on, or close by, the hillock since known as Mount Wollaston. In his absence his rebellious servants, led by Thomas Morton, "that pettifogger from Furnival's Inn," flung off all authority, declared their independence, every man doing what was right in his own eyes. On May Day, 1627, they flaunted their freedom in the sight of solemn Puritanism by setting up the far-famed May-pole. Hilariously these unleashed pagans from the purlieus of the gross court of King James danced about the "idoll" of Merry-Mount, joining hands with "the lasses in beaver coats," and singing their ribald songs. For this, and also because they sold arms to the savages, Myles Standish, with his army of eight men from Plymouth, scattered them and arrested Morton.

SCANDALOUS, this entire episode, very scandalous! almost as bad as the debauches of some present sons of the Puritans! But what resident of Quincy would have it buried in oblivion? It savors of romance, it has a touch of the picturesque, it anticipates the free *camaraderie* of the Western cowboy, it distinguishes us in story. Is not Hawthorne's "May-pole of Merry-Mount" a classic? and is not Motley's "Merry-Mount" a name in American literature? Fortunately, the little hill has been left to nature. There it is on the estate of Mrs. John Quincy Adams just as it was when it was overtopped by the May-pole, "a goodly pine of eighty foot, . . . a faire sea mark for directions, how to find out the way to mine host of Ma-re-Mount." A generation ago it was treeless, save for the tall bent stem of a single aged cedar. Now the hill is clothed with young trees, all but the summit. A landmark it is still; the scene of a comedy not to be forgotten. It has become our "Mons Sacer," not only on account of that earliest event in our history, but because on the seal of the city of Quincy it figures as the chief device. When, in 1882, the committee appointed to present a design for the seal was considering the matter, George W. Morton, one of its members, suggested to the present Charles F. Adams, who was chairman, that Mount Wollaston with the single bent cedar would be both appropriate and picturesque. Mr. Adams at once adopted the idea. A sketch of the hill, barren as it then was, had been made a little more than fifty

MERRYMOUNT, HOME OF MRS. J. Q. ADAMS

John Q. Adams John Adams Home of Joseph Marsh

BIRTHPLACES OF THE PRESIDENTS

From a sketch in 1822

BIRTHPLACES OF THE PRESIDENTS, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH

years before by George W. Beale, Jr. From this sketch was taken the salient feature,—the summit of the hill with its tree and the sea beyond. Dates were then set down, and for motto Mr. Adams chose the Latin word *Manet*, "It remains." A most satisfactory achievement. The hill remains, connecting the present with the past; the town remains, continuous in its history and development; the free spirit of it remains; the fame of it remains, and will remain forever. The tree does not remain. It was blown down in a storm Nov. 10, 1898. Shortly before a chance snap-shot was taken of it by Chas. E. Sampson, and this, by another happy chance, was seen by J. L. Edwards, who enlarged it. Later, in behalf of the Quincy Historical Society, he placed a granite marker where the tree had stood.

The trunk is thirty-three feet long, and seven and a half feet around the butt. Why not make of part of it a chair of state for our Council Hall, which shall seat our worthy mayor, James Thompson, and his successors? It may come to be so valued that, like another "royal seat of Scone," kingdoms will ultimately contend for it.

THE permanent settlement of Quincy can boast of no such natural monument nor dramatic opening scene. Nevertheless, significant was this event. In the souls of those earnest pioneers who sought liberty and homes of peace in the wilderness were Declarations of Independence, and Free Constitutions. Their memorial is now visible to the discerning eye, in a Mighty Democracy enfranchising the world. "Who, then," asks John Adams, "was the author, inventor, discoverer, of Independence? The only true

SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—By Trumbull

answer must be the first immigrants." They were of that happy breed of men through whose righteous aspirations the treasured nobleness of England streamed into a Commonwealth there and here.

Such were the fathers of Old Braintree and Quincy, as of Plym-

JOHN ADAMS

outh and Salem and Boston, and every other right New England community. Their manhood, intelligence, and independence glow in every page of the town's history; their names are on our hills, and they linger still in our homes: Bass, Saville, Spear, Cranch, Baxter, Marsh, Penniman, Crosby, Brackett, Newcomb, Fenno, Vesey,

Cleverley, Faxon, Crane, Curtis, Hobart, Arnold, Glover, Nightingale, Hayden, Tirrel, Billings, and

> "One name illustrious, which shall never fade;
> Joined with another of an old renown,—
> The name that blends with Harvard's classic shade,
> And syllables your old familiar town."

THAT "name illustrious" was first brought to these shores by Henry Adams. He probably arrived here in 1632 with the Braintree Company, which began to "sit down" at Mount Wollaston, as the entire region between Boston and Weymouth was then called. Although the company was ordered elsewhere, enough remained to influence the settlement to name itself Braintree when it was incorporated as a town in 1640. With Henry came his wife, eight sons, and a daughter. After his death, in 1646, most of the sons, vigorous pioneers that they were, sought the greater spaciousness of the frontier, and settled in Concord and Medfield. Joseph, the seventh son, remained on the farm. He married Abigail Baxter, by whom he had twelve children. His second son, another Joseph, married Hannah Bass, and it is through him that the Adamses come to the full strength of fibre and fame.

Here, then, after the overflow from Boston, which began about 1634, were the Makers of America,—a whole townful of them. Their quality was made entirely dominant by the fine strain of "Great Mother" Joanna Hoar, widow of the Sheriff of Gloucester, England. One of her daughters, Joanna, married the second Edmund Quincy; another, Marjorie, married Minister Flynt; a son, Leonard, who married Bridget, daughter of the Lord Lisle who was President of the Court which condemned King Charles, became the third President of Harvard College; and another son, John, who removed to Concord, is the ancestor of the family made famous by Senator George F. Hoar and Judge E. R. Hoar. Later came the Cranches from England, the Hardwicks and Breislers from Germany, and the Hancocks from Lexington. As the sands of the sea for multitude are the excellent and the eminent of to-day whose soul's substratum is traced to the stream of Old Braintree and Quincy immigrants.

IT is said of John Adams, the Deacon, son of the second Joseph, that he was a man typical of the farmer class. Had he received a college education, wrote President John Quincy Adams, "he would have been distinguished either as a clergyman or as a lawyer." His eldest son John, born Oct. 19, 1735, did receive the college education, and not only became a lawyer, but the great statesman of the Revolution, the chief advocate of Independence, and the second President of the United States.

OLD KITCHEN, HOME OF JOHN AND ABIGAIL ADAMS

THE house in which John Adams was born is the unpretentious farm-house of the period. Its original rural surroundings pictured in the sketch made by Miss Eliza Susan Quincy in 1822, may be revived with a little aid from the imagination,—the old Plymouth highway, the wide-spreading "Captain's Plain," through which meandered the tree-fringed brook, the summits of the Blue Hills, rising range above range to the highest land in eastern Massachusetts, the sparsely scattered homes of the neighbors, in one of

which was, as Miss Quincy wrote, "a highly respectable school, kept for many years by Mr. Joseph Marsh, at which John Adams and Josiah Quincy, Jr., were prepared for college." All lovely, then, was the green unspoiled earth, and in keeping the homes which nestled close to it: to-day how humble the "little hut," as he himself called it, in which the President was born! Humble, truly, yet a shrine for meditation and for the elevation of thought! The more meagre the material surroundings, the mightier the man who emerged from them. John Adams was, indeed, one of the greatest in a supreme epoch of human history. Not another leader of that eventful time, not Washington, nor Franklin, nor Jefferson, surpassed him in prophetic anticipation of an Independent America, nor did any equal him in the indomitable patience and power of persuasion which eventually won the Declaration. New ages were in him, a new humanity in his sense of natural rights. How clearly he voiced the daring aspirations of that time and all time! of "radical New England," how profoundly!

> "I am the trumpet at thy lips, thy clarion
> Full of thy cry, sonorous with thy breath."

THE birthplace of such a man is a Mecca of the free; the goal of pilgrimages far drawn and yearly becoming more frequent. Still in the possession of its original owners, the care of the birthplace of John Adams has been intrusted to the Adams Chapter, D. R. With enlightened sympathy they conserve every sentiment, every antique plenishing which will restore this Cradle of American Independence.

One such shrine is enough to enrich a town. Quincy has two. The similar structure so close by is the house to which John Adams took his wife Abigail when he married her, the 25th of October, 1764. It is the home in which John Quincy Adams was born. Two Presidents of the highest order, by native greatness forging to the front in the creative hour when God was making a new Nation! It is a grace which falls to no other community. Fortunate the place, "this blessed plot, this earth," dowered with lives so great and high, with patriots of such utter faithfulness.

Both houses came into the possession of John Adams. The one

in which Abigail and he began housekeeping was built in 1716, and was left him by his father, together with forty acres of land, when he died in 1761. Later he bought of his brother "my father's homestead and home where I was born." This was built in 1687. The Quincy Historical Society occupies the "John and Abigail Adams cottage," and their appreciative restorations are exemplified in the picture of the "old kitchen."

ABIGAIL ADAMS

ABIGAIL ADAMS, the mistress of this expanding domestic establishment, was a woman worthy in all respects to be the wife of John Adams. Beautiful was she in face and soul; a wise, loving, and gracious daughter of New England. She was the daughter of the Rev. William Smith, of Weymouth. Her mother was a Quincy, a daughter of Colonel John Quincy and Elizabeth Norton, his wife, who lived on the farm at Mount Wollaston. This is the bond of kinship which unites the Adamses and the Quincys.

Solemnly was that bond honored at the baptism of the first child of John and Abigail Adams, born July 11, 1767. Mrs. Smith, the mother of Abigail, was present, and she requested that the child should be named John Quincy, after her father, then breathing his last at the age of seventy-eight. Long afterwards President John Quincy Adams wrote as follows of this transaction: "It was filial tenderness that gave the name. It was the name of one passing from earth to immortality. These have been among the strongest

DRAWING-ROOM IN ADAMS MANSION

links of my attachment to the name of Quincy, and have been to me through life a perpetual admonition to do nothing unworthy of it."

COLONEL JOHN QUINCY was in his day a man of eminence, strong in his personality, able and highly honored; one of the greatest of the Quincys. He was the son of Daniel Quincy, the first-born of Edmund Quincy and Joanna Hoar. Thus the

Adamses through him inherit, not only the fine quality of the Quincys at their best, but also the white fire of clear intellectual and moral fervor which flamed in the souls of the "Great Mother" Joanna

JOHN QUINCY MONUMENT

Hoar and her offspring. Colonel John Quincy, not the least among these offspring, was chosen to about every office a colonist might fill. A monument has been placed over his grave in the old burying-

ground by the Quincy Historical Society, and a mural tablet to his memory is to be added to those which adorn the walls of First Church, our Westminster Abbey.

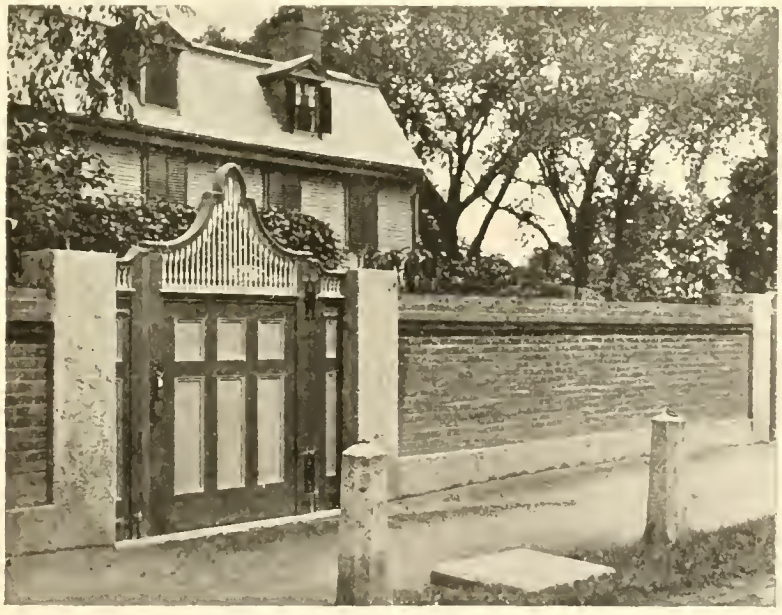
More imperishably is his memory honored, perhaps, in the name of the City of Quincy. When, in 1792, the North Precinct of Braintree was erected into an independent township, the Hon. Richard Cranch "recommended its being called Quincy, in honor of Colonel John Quincy."

LET us return now to his namesake, John Quincy Adams. Helpful to his mother beyond his years in those trying days of the opening Revolution, he fearlessly becomes, when barely nine years old, her "post rider," going on horseback alone over the eleven long miles to Boston. He was a year younger than this when, on the morning of the 17th of June, 1775, he climbed with his mother to the top of Penn's Hill to see what they might of the battle going on at Charlestown.

ABIGAIL ADAMS CAIRN

On the spot where Abigail Adams and the young John Quincy sought to penetrate the portent which darkened the horizon, a cairn has been erected. This was done on the anniversary of the battle in 1896. The large concourse of Quincy residents and visitors needed but the scene the mother and son looked upon, and the words of the speakers, to be thrilled with imaginations of that fateful morning when, as the roar of cannon rose and fell, Abigail Adams prayed Almighty God to cover the heads of her countrymen and be a shield to her dear friends. In deepest sympathy with all that the memory

ADAMS MANSION



ADAMS MANSION—NEW GATE

of the occasion evoked, the Adams Chapter, D. R., arranged the exercises of the day. Mrs. N. V. Titus, the Regent of the Chapter, presided, and introduced those whose knowledge of the great events of the past or whose relationship to some of the chief actors in them singled them out as eminently qualified to take a leading part. The corner-stone was laid by the Chapter, assisted by the present Abigail Adams, daughter of John Quincy Adams, who, in the performance of her part of operative masonry, made use of the trowel. Addresses were delivered by Charles F. Adams, 2d, then Mayor of Quincy, Edwin W. Marsh, and Charles F. Adams, the younger. A poem was read by Miss Elizabeth Porter Gould, and was deposited with other documents in the corner-stone.

ON that memorable 17th of June when Abigail Adams and her son trembled for their friends who were gloriously fighting and dying for liberty, John Adams, at the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, was securing the election of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the patriot army. It was the stroke of a statesman, which cemented the union of North and South, thus committing all the Colonies to the war for freedom.

The crowning achievement of John Adams came a year later, at which time he stimulated Congress to the momentous Declaration of Independence. In him above all others the conviction of its necessity was incarnated. For it he wrought night and day. Finally, on the first day of July, 1776, he led off in a speech of surpassing eloquence, and a "power of thought and expression which," said Jefferson, "moved the members from their seats." He was the "Colossus of that Congress," as Jefferson testified, the "Atlas of Independence," as Richard Stockton declared. He compelled conviction, and, at last, on the 2d of July the resolutions of independency were unanimously adopted. The preparation of the immortal Declaration had been previously submitted to a committee consisting of Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston, and on the evening of the 4th of July it was adopted with equal unanimity.

ELATED and thankful was John Adams. In a burst of exultation he wrote to Mrs. Adams: "The 2d day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with

CITY HOSPITAL
Gift of Hon. William B. Rice

shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore." So the event has been celebrated, but the 4th of July, the date of the adoption of the Declaration, is the one the people recognize as the culminating moment of the great event.

Trumbull's picture of the signing of the Declaration is true to the life. John Adams, viewing it in Faneuil Hall in his later years, recalled that, when engaged in the signing, a side conversation took place

between Harrison, who was remarkably corpulent, and Elbridge Gerry, who was remarkably thin. "Ah, Gerry," said Harrison, "I shall have an advantage over you in this act." "How so?"

ADAMS ACADEMY

PRESIDENTS' LANE

inquired Gerry. "Why," replied Harrison, "when we come to be hung for this treason, I am so heavy, I shall plump down upon the rope and be dead in an instant: but you are so light that you will be dangling and kicking about for an hour in the air."

The high level of noble devotion to human liberty and to a greater America which John Adams took upon his entrance into Congress, he maintained to the end. He toiled terribly. He was a member of ninety committees, and chairman of twenty-five. No other delegate bore upon his shoulders the weight of so heavy a burden. Truly, he was the "Atlas of Independence." It was he, also, who induced Congress to foster a navy, and who himself drew up its rules. And

here it is worth noting that John Adams and John Quincy Adams never failed to evince their salt-water breeding. Both took an especial interest in the navy and in the fisheries. They may be justly called the originators of the one and the defenders of the other. Space fails us to detail the other great services rendered by John Adams,—how effectively he represented Congress in Europe; what sagacity he displayed in forming the model of a Constitution which

was adopted by his own State,—yes, and other States, and which influenced the form of the Constitution of the United States. He lent essential assistance to the negotiations for peace, was later chosen Vice-President, and at last, consummation of all, elected President. Well does he deserve the title "Glorious Old John Adams!"

The Vassall house became the residence of John Adams when finally he was permitted to return to private life. He lived in it during the remainder of his days. This house had been the summer residence of Leonard Vassall, a West India Planter and a violent king-and-church Tory. He fled at the outbreak of the Revolution, and his estate was afterwards sequestrated. The house was built in 1731, and contains one room panelled from floor to ceiling in solid St. Domingo mahogany. John Adams bought the estate in 1785. Here, through uneventful years, the ex-President and his wife were revered by their townspeople, called upon by adoring Americans, and visited by eminent foreigners, not the least among whom was Lafayette. Here, too, marvellous to relate, was celebrated their golden wedding, that of their son John Quincy Adams, and that of their grandson Charles Francis Adams. The old President seems never to have had any declining years. Robust and active, he continued to rise as early as four or five o'clock, often building his own fire. When the weather permitted, he walked up "President's Lane" to the top of "President's Hill," every morning, to see the sun rise and every evening to see the sun set.

Memorable was the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Quincy had made great preparations for a joyous festival. John Adams was requested to grace the occasion by his presence. This the venerable patriot was not able to do, but he sent a dictated letter to Captain John Whitney, the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and proposed a toast: "I give you INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!" The 4th of July, 1826, dawned brightly, and was hailed with the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon. It was celebrated, writes Charles F. Adams, the younger, "as its sturdiest supporter had fifty years before predicted it would be, as 'a day of deliverance, with pomp and parade, with

QUINCY SQUARE SOUTH, WITH STONE TEMPLE, OR FIRST CHURCH

shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations.' On that fair glad day—in the midst of peace and prosperity and political good feeling, with the sound of joyous bells and booming guns ringing in his ears, with his own toast of 'INDEPENDENCE FOREVER' still lingering on the lips of his townsmen—the spirit of the old patriot passed away. His last words were, 'Thomas Jefferson still survives.' But Jefferson, too, had passed away a few hours earlier on that memorable Independence Day."

"His beloved and only wife," Abigail, had died some eight years previously, on the 28th of October, 1818. A few years before his death, John Adams, moved, as he expressed it, "by the veneration he felt for the residence of his ancestors and the place of his nativity, and the habitual affection he bore to the inhabitants with whom he had so happily lived for more than eighty-six years," gave to the town a large tract of quarry lands to assist in building a new church edifice. Later he gave other lands for the establishment of an academy, and all of his private library, some 3,000 volumes, to further the ends of such an institution.

THE Stone Temple was dedicated Nov. 12, 1828. Into the solid foundation of its front wall, and immediately under the noble portico, two granite chambers had been built. One received all that was mortal of President John Adams, and "At his side Sleeps till the Trump shall Sound, Abigail, his Beloved and only Wife." Later the remains of their illustrious son, John Quincy Adams, were entombed in the second chamber, together with those of "His Partner for fifty Years, Louisa Catherine." Sacred as a house of Christian worship is this Temple; sacrosanct because of the dust it treasures, and because of its association with the generations of noble men and women who have worshipped beneath its wide and stately dome.

John Quincy Adams, whenever he was in his native town, was always to be found of a Sunday in the "President's pew." As religiously was it later occupied by his son, our great minister to England during the Civil War, Charles Francis Adams, and his family.

Here, also, were to be seen, in an adjoining pew, Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard, and his family. Other names —how dear to present worshippers! —arise in the memory as past days are dwelt upon.

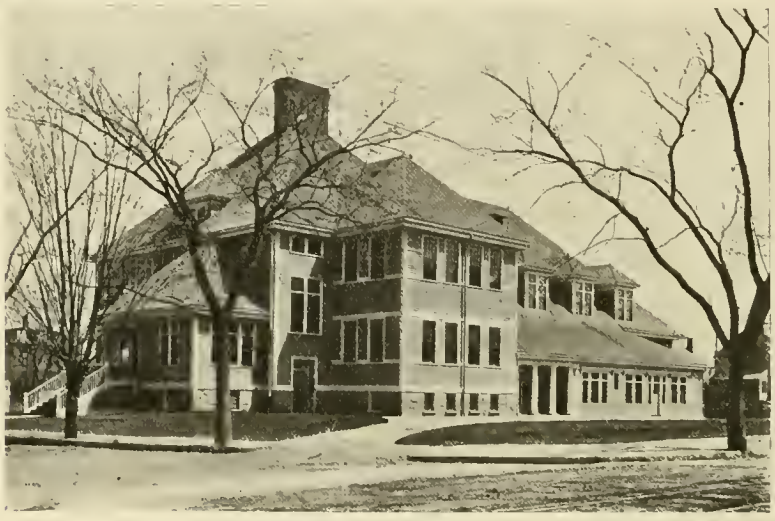
FIRST CHURCH FROM OLD BURYING-GROUND
Hoar tombstones at left

Two tablets, one on either side of the imposing mahogany pulpit, honor the Presidents and their wives. Other tablets to the memory of past ministers give a distinctive character to the spacious interior. This effect will be heightened when the present Charles F. Adams shall have fulfilled his intention of placing on the walls two other tablets, —one to the memory of Rev. Henry Flynt

INTERIOR OF FIRST CHURCH, "STONE TEMPLE."

and the other to the memory of Colonel John Quincy. Our Westminster Abbey then, surely!

The stream of pilgrims who pass its portals, yearly increases. The way to the tombs under the portico has been made convenient, and a door of open iron-work has been hung, through which the massive sarcophagi can be easily seen. Whatever will enable visitors to view the monuments in the church, and to steep themselves for a satisfying space amid the great associations of the edifice, has been arranged by the officials of the society. The pastor is the Rev. Ellery Channing Butler.



WOODWARD INSTITUTE

THE Adams Academy was built in 1872, upon the site chosen by John Adams,—the Hancock Lot, on which had stood the house in which John Hancock had been born. Another educational endowment was stimulated by the gift of John Adams. The Adams Academy is exclusively for boys. Dr. Ebenezer Woodward, long a respected physician of the town, determined there should be as fine a school for the higher education of girls. So in his will he bequeathed a large portion of his estate to this end, advising that his Institute should be built on that part of his land opposite the Hancock Lot. There they stand to-day,—near, if not opposite,

—each emulating the other in affording to Quincy youth unusual facilities for an excellent education. Yet another fine school, in this instance a private one, has been added in these later years to our numerous educational establishments. This is the "Quincy Mansion School" for girls. Mr. Horace Mann Willard, the principal, has transformed the latest residence of the Quincys at Wollaston, has built two fine halls, the "Manchester" and the "Canterbury,"

QUINCY MANSION SCHOOL

and so created, in one of the most beautiful and historic parts of the city, a refined and entirely modern boarding-school.

The public schools of Quincy have long been famous far and wide. Indeed, some go so far as to utter the heresy that the city's distinction as the birthplace of Presidents and the source of one of the finest granites is distanced by the praise of her schools. Here began that awakening to the real teaching of real things which came

to be known as "The Quincy System." Colonel F. S. Parker, with his new ideas, "made in Germany," was appointed superintendent of schools, and given a free hand. On the school board were John Quincy Adams, the present Charles Francis Adams, James H. Slade, and other public-spirited and energetic citizens; and in them the colonel found sympathetic coadjutors. The results were both surprising and inspiring. Visitors from every State in the Union swarmed through the buildings to see this new thing in public education. The best in that ferment has been conserved and applied. It suffers no diminution under the administrative ability of Mr. Frank F. Parlin, the present excellent superintendent. The outlay for equipment has been liberal and intelligently disbursed. The latest building, the Washington, is the creation of a young Quincy architect, Albert H. Wright. It is a fine example of what the city has been furnishing in this line for the accommodation of its rapidly multiplying school population.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS ranks high among the greatest characters in history. He is interesting in an absorbing degree, in spite of what appears to be his aloofness. What an embodiment he was of aggressive righteousness, of patriotic statecraft! His conscientiousness seemed too fine for daily use, his exalted reliance upon clearest principles too quixotic. For these qualities we call him the Puritan President. Much of his life was spent abroad and in intimate relations with the courts of Europe; but Puritan he was born, and Puritan he remained, in veracity, hon-

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

LOUISA CATHERINE ADAMS

esty, clear manliness, and in devotion to an ideal America God Almighty would take interest in.

His happy boyhood was spent in Quincy. After that his opportunities to enjoy the home and the scenes he loved so well were few and far between. At ten he went with his father to France. At fourteen he was the private secretary of Francis Dana at the court of Russia. Again, in France, he served Jefferson and Franklin as secretary. He might have gone thence to London, when his father was appointed minister to the English court; but he broke

HARRY L. RICE

away from this fascinating life because he was an ardent American. He went to Harvard, and a little after graduating he was sent as minister to The Hague. While on official business in London, he met Louisa Catherine Johnson, daughter of Joshua Johnson, the American consul, whom he married in 1797. Returning once more to his native land, he was elected to the Massachusetts Senate, and then to the National Senate; and this is the measure of his strides to the position of Minister Plenipotentiary to England, to that of Secretary of State, and eventually to that of the Presidency.

The "old man eloquent" is the title with which President J. Q. Adams was crowned toward the end of his days in sheer admiration of his abilities. Marvellous was that career of his in Congress after he had served as President. Through years of conflict, one against a hundred, he vindicated the right of Americans to petition the House they themselves created. "Since parties were first organized in this Republic, no statesman has ever approached him in persistent

TABLET TO PRESIDENT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

freedom of thought, speech, and action." He died in harness. On the 21st of February, 1848, as he rose to address the Speaker of the House, he fell unconscious. A few hours afterward, coming to himself for a moment, he said distinctly: "This is the last of earth. I am content." On the evening of the 23d he was at rest. The funeral services, imposing in their character, were held in Stone Temple.

ABIGAIL BROOKS ADAMS

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, the third son of President J. Q. Adams, continued the great traditions of the family. In him was the same moral persistence, sagacity, industry, and devotion to the highest American ideals. As Minister to England during the Civil War, how great were his services! "None of our generals in the field," said James Russell Lowell, "not Grant himself, did us better or more trying service than

OLD TIME BACK PIAZZA.—T. B. ADAMS' HOUSE, 1640

he in his forlorn outpost of London." There his high character, his knowledge of international law, his imperturbability, kept England from permitting the Confederate iron-clads, built in her yards, to assail our shores. "For us," said Washington naval authorities, it was "a matter of life and death to defeat this invasion." He was born in Boston, Aug. 18, 1807, where his father was temporarily residing. When

DOROTHY HANCOCK

JOHN HANCOCK

hardly two years old, he was taken to Russia with his parents. Returning to America in 1817, he was placed under the care of his grandmother, Abigail Adams, in Quincy. He graduated at Harvard, and studied law under Webster. In 1829 he married Abigail B. Brooks, the youngest child of Peter C. Brooks, a noted Boston merchant. That diplomatic skill of his, which was of the highest order, and that patriotic spirit "unsurpassed by that of his fathers," were signally displayed once more when called upon to serve as arbitrator on the part of the United States in the Geneva Tribunal, summoned to adjust the "Alabama Claims." Much of his later life was spent in Quincy. While deeply engaged in literary labors, he, nevertheless, found time to interest himself in the higher welfare of the town, in which service Mrs. Adams also endeared herself by her sympathy and unfailing tact. Mr. Adams was gathered to his fathers Nov. 21, 1886; and Mrs. Adams followed him June 6, 1889. Their remains were interred in Mount Wollaston Cemetery. The six children of Charles F. Adams who lived to manhood or womanhood have all distinguished themselves in social and national life. Not unknown to fame are John Quincy, Charles Francis, Henry, and Brooks. Affectionately is the memory of the late John Quincy Adams cherished in this city. Year after year, under the town form of government, he was unanimously chosen moderator. With him for leader—tactful, wise, swift in decision, witty, and resourceful—the town meetings were an unexcelled display of democracy in action.

JOHN HANCOCK,—another man "sent from God, whose name was John"! The city came near being named after him. He was at the height of his fame when the North Precinct of Braintree was set off in 1792; and, as first Governor under the Constitution, he signed the act incorporating the new town. Born here on the 12th of January, 1737, he also wedded the lovely Dorothy Quincy, who was bred in the old Quincy Homestead. His name graces every patriotic address uttered in the hear-

QUINCY HOMESTEAD

DINING-ROOM, QUINCY HOMESTEAD

ing of our citizens. We have a Hancock School, a Hancock Street, a Hancock House, and we did have a Hancock Light Guard.

The house in which Hancock was born was destroyed by fire in May of 1759, fate ordaining what Lowell thought should befall every house,—"When the first occupants go out, it should be burned, and a stone set up with 'Sacred to the Memory of a House' on it." The tablet is there on the Hancock lot in memory of the home of the patriot, but his people were not the last occupants of the dwelling. Josiah Quincy (1710–84), having prospered by the fortunate capture of a Spanish ship, retired from Boston to Quincy, and took up his residence in the Hancock parsonage. His daughter was the adorable Hannah to whom John Adams all but proposed; and one of his sons was the fervent patriot, Josiah Quincy, Jr. These were the last occupants of the house. Meditating upon the catastrophe, John Adams wrote in his diary: "It is not at all surprising that the Colonel is more dejected than his brother [Edmund over in the old Mansion, who lost all his property in an unlucky venture]. For his brother's dejection was more complete, yet the Colonel's was less expected. Ned was reduced to worse than nothing. Josiah has a competency left. . . . Edmund lost a son [Abraham by drowning off Germantown] as suddenly as the Colonel lost his house."

Early Hancock threw his wealth, his sacred honor, and his life into the scale with the patriots. He was appointed one of the delegates to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, and entered it a proscribed rebel. General Gage offered pardon to all, except Sam Adams and John Hancock, "whose offences are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment." It was a son of old Braintree, thus singled out, whom Congress honored by election to its Presidency. As Benjamin Harrison conducted him to the chair, he remarked, "We will show Great Britain how much we value her proscriptions." Hancock's name was the only one signed to the Declaration of Independence on July 4, the great day on which it was accepted. He signed it in his bold characteristic handwriting, exclaiming, as he did so: "There, John Bull can read that without spectacles. Now let him double his reward."

The Hancocks retained to the end their interest in Quincy, or, as it was then, Braintree. They returned now and again to its familiar haunts. A visit made in 1787 had a sorrowful ending. Their only son, John George Washington Hancock, nine years old, met with an accident while skating. He did not recover from its effects, and passed away, it is surmised, in the newer mansion of the Quincys, that built by Josiah Quincy in 1770.

CODDINGTON'S KITCHEN, QUINCY HOMESTEAD

THE Quincy Mansions are three in number. The most ancient is the Quincy Homestead, which is still standing. The story of it carries us back, without a break in historic continuity, to Edmund, "the immigrant," and to the first settlers on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. From those early days till now the finest elements in American life—its simplicity, its genuineness, its patriotism, its intellectual vigor, its moral daring—have been illustrated in the occupants of that home and in those of the other mansions of the Quincys. Edmund, "the immigrant," was about thirty-one years old when he arrived in Boston, Sept.

4, 1633. With him came his wife Judith, and their two children, Judith and Edmund. In 1635 there was granted to Edmund Quincy and William Coddington a large tract of land at Mount Wollaston, as the region now included in the city of Quincy was first called. Coddington, who was treasurer of the Colony, at once built him a farm-house on the grant. This is still standing,—the most ancient structure, perhaps, in New England. Coddington never transferred his residence wholly to the "Mount." His visits were frequent, however; and a chamber in the house was especially reserved for him.

Love of liberty drew Coddington to the "Mount" as much as love of husbandry. It was the time of the "Antinomian Controversy," the earliest outbreak for freedom of thought which occurred in New England; and a community of ardent liberals seemed rapidly concentrating in this place. Here at Coddington's farm-house were gatherings of some of the brightest spirits of the times,—Sir Harry Vane, Ann Hutchinson, William Hutchinson, the Rev. John Wheelwright, Edmund Quincy, and many another. Upon their petition it was granted them, in 1636, to gather a church at the "Mount," and to have Wheelwright for minister. At first, it would seem likely, the worshippers met in Coddington's house, and then in 1637 a meeting-house was built. This is virtually the beginning of the old First Church of Quincy. To be sure, it was soon broken up; but some of the people remained, and the liberal traditions remained, and both entered into the permanent organization of First Church, which occurred Sept. 16, 1639. The "legalists," alarmed at the progress of the liberals, rallied in Boston, and drove them from the field. This was done with a rough hand. Wheelwright was judged to be "like Roger Williams, or worse," and banished; Ann Hutchinson was banished; Coddington fled for freedom to Rhode Island, where he became the first Governor; and Vane sorrowfully withdrew to England. Edmund Quincy had died a year or so before. Had he lived, he would have shared the fate of his friends.

LATER QUINCY MANSION
Sketch by Miss Quincy, 1822

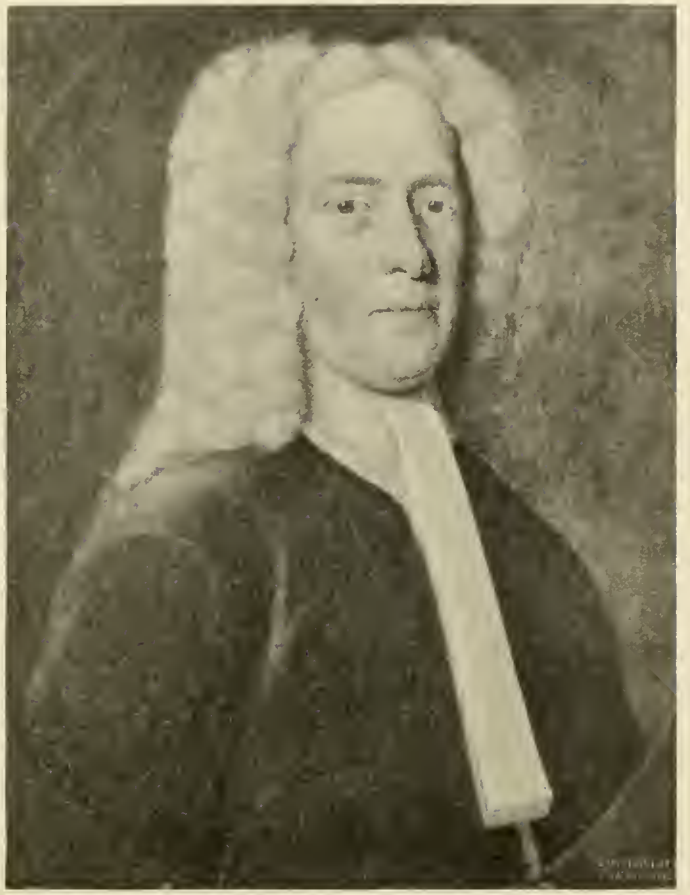
EDWARD H. ANGIER

JUDITH QUINCY, the widow of Edmund, married Moses Paine. After his death, in 1643, she entered into the occupancy of the Coddington farm-house. Later her son Edmund, who married Joanna Hoar in 1648, came into full possession of the homestead. By Joanna he had eleven children, and by the widow Eliot three more. These intermarried with the Savils, Hobarts, Savages, Gookins, Hunts, Bakers; and Daniel married Hannah Shepard, who bore Colonel John Quincy, from whom the city is named, and Edmund married Dorothy Flynt, the mother of all the Dorothys. As need was, Colonel Edmund built him a new house in 1685. Judge Sewall, under date of March 22, 1685–6, enters in his diary, "Lodged in the lower room of Unkle Quinsy's new house." This was the structure which, up to about ten years ago, stood a little to the south of the homestead, and was called the farm-house.

CHRIST CHURCH

THE Quincy Homestead, as we now see it, was built during the life of the third Edmund Quincy. The date of its erection is thus set down by John Marshall in his diary, "June 14, 1706, we raised Mr. Quincy's house." The old house which Coddington built was incorporated with this new structure. It was an achievement for the carpenters of those days, done by plain rule of thumb; and thus ample spaces are provided for "secret chambers," numerous closets of oddest shapes, curious shiplike lockers, and for similar entrancing conveniences.

"DOROTHY Q."



JUDGE EDMUND QUINCY

AN event of the first importance soon distinguished the new mansion. "Dorothy Q.," "my Dorothy," as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes calls her, was born in it, Jan. 4, 1709. She was the fourth child. She grew to beautiful womanhood, was "well spoken of by everybody," and on the 7th of December, 1738, married Edward Jackson, Esq., of Boston. Their daughter Mary married Judge Oliver Wendell in 1762, to whom was born Sarah, who married the Rev. Abiel Holmes, the father of the poet. Along this line came down the portrait of Dorothy, made famous by Holmes's poem.

The story of the painting is told by Dr. Holmes, as follows:

"The painting hung in the house of my grandfather, Oliver Wendell, which was occupied by British officers before the evacuation of Boston. One of these gentlemen amused himself by stabbing poor Dorothy (the pictured one) as near the right eye as his swordsmanship would serve him to do it. The canvas was so decayed that it became necessary to remount the painting, in the process of doing which the hole made by the rapier was lost sight of. I took some photographs of the picture before it was transferred to the new canvas."

"Grandmother's mother: her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade:
So they painted the little maid.

"On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene.
Hold up the canvas full in view,—
Look! there's a rent the light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust,—
That was a Red-coat's rapier-thrust!
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Judge Quincy, the father of Dorothy, was a distinguished man in his day, and passed almost his whole life in the public service. His domestic establishment was ample, and his hospitality unlimited. For his wife's brother, Tutor Flynt, he built the two-story L on the north side of the homestead. The tutor was a bachelor,—scholarly, original, and witty,—but at times he fell into "a hypochondrial disorder"; and on the floor of his study tradition points out a depression worn by him as he walked forward and back in black, restless mood. The judge passed away in London, where he went to defend before the king the cause of Massachusetts in the boundary dispute between that colony and New Hampshire. His two sons, Edmund and Josiah, had removed to Boston; but both eventually returned to the place of their birth. Josiah, the younger, who married Hannah Sturgis, took up his residence in the Hancock parsonage; and Edmund entered into possession of the homestead.

THIS Edmund Quincy, the fourth, was the father of the "Dorothy Q." who married John Hancock. The homestead, from the time of the first "Colonel," was full of life, but now it rose to flood-tide. Edmund had five daughters, all "remarkable for their beauty." Around them fluttered the beaux in multitudes. Eventually, Samuel Sewall won Elizabeth; General William Greenleaf, Sarah; Judge Jonathan Sewall, Esther; and John Hancock, Dorothy. Across the way, in the Hancock parsonage, lived Josiah Quincy, whose children were: Samuel, who rose to be solicitor-general; Josiah, Jr., who gained the title of "the Patriot"; and Hannah, to whom John Adams was about to propose when he retreated, to the delight of Dr. Bela Lincoln. Near by, at Mount Wollaston, was the home of Colonel John Quincy. His granddaughter, Abigail Smith, who became the wife of John Adams, was a frequent member of his household. Thus we have one of the most remarkable circles of youth and beauty, culture and ambition and patriotism, which at that time might be gathered in New England. Lively is the account John Adams gives us of it, and it centred in the Quincy Homestead.

DOROTHY was the youngest of Edmund's children. When it was that Hancock won her consent to marriage, we have no means of knowing. Tradition says his troth was plighted while she was still living in the homestead. The large north parlor was adorned with a new wall paper express from Paris, and appropriately figured with the forms of Venus and Cupid in blue and pendant wreaths of flowers in red. Does any one doubt the tradition? There on the wall hangs the paper to this day, unfading in its antiquity and mutely confounding the incredulous.

Before the happy day arrived, however, the family was dispersed by the breaking out of the Revolution. Dorothy found refuge first in Lexington, and finally at the home of Thaddeus Burr, in Fairfield, Conn. Here, on Aug. 28, 1775, John Hancock and Dorothy Quincy were united in marriage.

LAST CHILD BORN IN THE HOMESTEAD

After the Revolution the ancient home of the Quincys passed into other hands. It was mortgaged to Edward Jackson. Then it was bought by Moses Black, next by Elizabeth Greenleaf, and, finally, it came into the possession of Dr. Ebenezer Woodward. By him it was bequeathed to the town of Quincy for the support of the Woodward Institute for Girls. It was during the forty years or more the town authorities held the estate in trust that it was occupied by the Hon. Peter Butler. Filled once more was the homestead with life and in its appointments fitted out in harmony with its best traditions. In memory of Mr. and Mrs. Butler, their son Sigourney and a daughter, the room, reserved by Coddington for his especial accommodation, is set apart and furnished appropriately. Later the estate was acquired by the Adams Trust Company, from whom the mansion and about two acres of land were purchased by the Rev. Daniel M. Wilson, minister of the old First Church, who lived in it till he was called to Brooklyn, N.Y. Recently the Metropolitan Park Commission, aided by the Massachusetts

WILLIAM R BATEMAN

DR. NATHANIEL S. HUNTING

Society of Colonial Dames, bought the Homestead and added it to the Furnace Brook Parkway. The Commissioners then leased it to the Dames, by whom it has been most sympathetically and intelligently restored within and without. Many persons have contributed and loaned old-time furniture and utensils, pictures and clothing, so that entering the homestead seems like stepping into another age, that of the original "Colonial Dames." A competent and courteous care-taker has been put in charge, and the homestead is now open to the view of the public.

The Quincy Mansion at the "lower farm," now Wollaston, built in

PROFILE OF SQUAW ROCK

1770, stands for that line of the Quincys which traces its descent, not from sire to son, but, as it was wittily said, from 'Siah to 'Siah. With it the reign of Josiahs began. The line of Edmunds came to an end with the father of Dorothy Hancock. None of his three sons had a male heir. His younger brother Josiah alone was left, he and his children, to continue the name of Quincy. But in this line none of the higher qualities of the race were found wanting, the Josiahs in their several generations upholding the honor and ability of the Quincy name magnificently. His son, Josiah, Jr., was so zealous in the cause of his country that he was barely

A QUARRY OF THE GRANITE RAILWAY CO.

A QUARRY OF THE QUINCY QUARRIES CO.

thirty-one years of age when he wore himself out. To his son, another Josiah, he left a slight bequest with this prayer, "May the spirit of liberty rest upon him!"

THE Josiah upon whom "the Patriot" breathed that brief but eloquent prayer rose to be one of the most eminent of the Quincys. He was a State Senator; a member of Congress, attaining the leadership of the Federal party; Mayor of Boston for six years, earning the title of "Great Mayor"; President of Harvard for sixteen years; author of a History of Boston, of the Boston Athenæum, of Harvard, and of much besides. He was born in Boston, and his residence was chiefly there and in Cambridge, but he spent his summers in Quincy, and there he died July 1, 1864.

Still another Josiah, the eldest son of President Quincy, forged to the front in public life. He, too, became Mayor of Boston. He was distinguished as a railroad man, and for his interest in the most progressive ideas of the time, commercial, social, and moral. In his later years he lived altogether in Quincy, a member of that delightful household which included his three unmarried sisters, Eliza Susan, Abby Phillips, and Sophia M. How pleasant are the reminiscences of the gracious hospitalities of that home, with its old-time atmosphere and its anecdotes of the great men of the past! The "happy life" had certainly fallen to them. They declared, unreservedly, that they had lived in the best age of the world, among the best people in the world, and in some of the best places in the world. "Tranquilla" Dr. Channing named this home and its surroundings.

In the next generation Josiah P. Quincy, a son of the Josiah who was distinguished as a "railroad man," built still another mansion. This is the fine building which has been transformed into the "Quincy Mansion School" for girls. Its doors, like those of its predecessors, stood wide open to men of talent, to the leaders in thought and reform, to all eminent for their intelligence and public spirit. Here was born and bred his son Josiah, Mayor of Boston from 1895 to 1898. The Quincys have now all withdrawn to Boston and elsewhere. For the first time since the town was named there are no Quincys of Quincy.

"BRAINTREE and Quincy, their men and their hills,—their scions and their syenite: the first have furnished some of the ablest hands by which our Revolution was achieved; the last has supplied the materials of the proudest monuments by which it will be commemorated." Thus Hon. R. C. Winthrop toasted the town at the second centennial of its ancient incorporation. The men and the monuments! Whenever Quincy is mentioned, these fill the imagination. Our First Church is called the "Church of Statesmen"; our community, the "City of Presidents," often the "Granite City." Men first: let that be emphasized! Men, chiefly, give fame and value to town or city. The "City of Presidents," that is our unrivalled title.

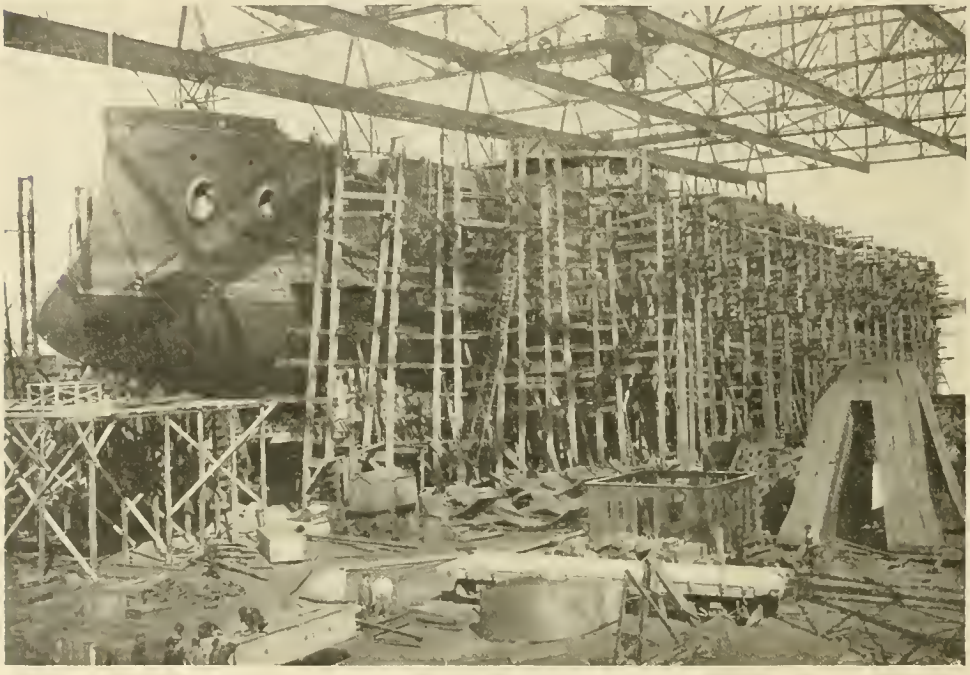
THE granite industry is, nevertheless, important. As early as 1749 this granite was utilized, but at that date only surface boulders were broken up and wrought into shape. King's Chapel in Boston was built of this material, and it was thought to be so limited in quantity that the town became alarmed, and by vote forbade its further removal until otherwise ordered. Later, however, enough was secured to construct the famous old Hancock mansion on Beacon Hill.

When at last, in 1803, it was discovered that by the use of wedges the obdurate material might be split into almost any shape and size, "the crust of the hills was broken," and Bunker Hill monument became a possibility.

To facilitate the transportation of the hewn blocks for the Bunker Hill monument, a railway was built, the first in the country. It was laid from quarry to tide water, some two miles, and the first cars, drawn by horses, ran Oct. 7, 1826. From that time onward the granite business rapidly increased. There are now about 140 firms engaged in it, which employ in the neighborhood of 2,000 men. The quarries worked number about 25, the plants in which cutting and polishing are done about 40, and those in which polishing alone is done about 10. Not far from a million dollars are invested in the entire industry.

WATER FRONT OF THE FORE RIVER SHIP-BUILDING CO.

SHIPBUILDING and shipping are natural and picturesque enterprises of Quincy. One argument used by the inhabitants of the North Precinct of Braintree, when they petitioned to be set off in a town by themselves, was that because of their long extent of seacoast their character and habits of life would naturally take a maritime cast. In the past its inhabitants did go down to the great deep. Still, "the maritime cast" is not now obtrusively conspicuous. For genuine "old salts" we resort to the "National Sailors' Home" and to the "Sailors' Snug Harbor".



It was in 1696 that the first vessel was built in what is now Quincy. In 1789, the old "Massachusetts" was launched,—the largest vessel for that day,—eight hundred tons. Another vessel of note was the barque Mt. Wollaston, built for Edward Cruft about 1820. John Adams took considerable interest in her construction, and, it is said that her timbers were hewn on land he owned.

CLIPPER SHIP, "RED CLOUD"

BATTLE-SHIP "RHODE ISLAND" LEAVING FORE RIVER

Deacon George Thomas built most of these craft. He came from Rockland, Me., in 1854, and in that year built his first ship, the "King Philip." His last ship, the "Red Cloud," was launched in 1877. No other wooden vessel of any consequence has since been built in Quincy.

GREAT as were the activities in the way of shipbuilding in the Quincy of the past, what were they as compared with those of the present! We are hardly over our first astonishment at the rapid rise of the Fore River Shipbuilding Company. What an astounding fulfilment is this of the prophecy of John Adams, that our seaboard would some day be the scene of a great development of maritime industry! The company is now engaged in "the construction of its one hundredth and fortieth hull." And such "hulls!" They include the "New Jersey" and "Rhode Island," first-class battleships, 15,000 tons each; the "Vermont," 16,000 tons; to say nothing of the seven-masted steel schooner "T. W. Lawson," the six-masted steel schooner "Wm. L. Douglas," ten-thousand-ton freight and passenger steamers, protected cruisers, whole fleets of torpedo boats, submarines, car floats, oil barges, and other leviathans of the deep. Some four thousand men are employed. Everything about a ship is made here,—hulls and engines, woodwork and steel work. A walk through the immense shops reveals miracles wrought upon iron, steel, and wood by automatic machinery, great blast furnaces, and the brawny arms of swart workmen. Admiral Francis T. Bowles is president of the company; H. G. Smith, manager; J. A. Sedgwick, treasurer; Samuel Tupper MacQuarrie, clerk.

In enumerating the many advantages of Quincy, one cannot help asking, "Is there any other community in the State more highly favored?" Its population is over 30,000 now; it may be over 40,000 in a decade. An influential "Citizens Association" is guiding this growth,—president, Henry L. Kincaide; vice-president, Russel A. Sears; secretary, Charles H. Burgess; treasurer, Nathan G. Nickerson. These point out the rare advantages for almost any industry afforded by Quincy's water and railway facilities. Indeed, this region

CLARENCE BURGIN

GEORGE E. PFAFFMANN

early became noted among the towns of Massachusetts for its manufactures. There was the iron works established in 1643, and the glass works and the stocking weaving by General Joseph Palmer in 1752, and the coach lace business by Wilson Marsh, and the shoe business, Noah Curtis in 1794 being one of the pioneers of it, and the Whichers and Drakes carrying it on in these later years. Now there is to be added such flourishing establishments as the Tubular Rivet and Stud Company, which, like a tree, shows annually its ring of growth, and the Translucent Fabric Company, and the Boston Gear Works, and the Wollaston Foundry, and more besides.

POWER STATION, MASSACHUSETTS ELECTRIC COMPANIES

THE electrical plants which have sprung up in Quincy constitute a most distinctive feature in the city's industrial progress. The power station of the Massachusetts Electric Companies at the Point is the largest and finest equipped establishment of the kind in the State. To nearly all of the lines controlled by this company (a total of 871 miles, serving eighty-eight towns and cities, aggregating a population of 1,639,875) it furnishes a high tension alternating system. Its magnificent steam turbine engines supply 15,000 horse power.

THE Quincy Electric Light and Power Company is wholly a local institution, built up by local enterprise and stimulating to local pride. Established in 1882, when electric developments were in their infancy, the company grew with the growth of the town. In 1902 the old plant with all its machinery was discarded, and an entirely new building erected at a convenient point on Town River. It is equipped with the finest directly connected units of a total capacity of 2,000 horse power. Situated, as it is, near the business centre of the city, and with the chance to expand at the demand of an increasing population, it is fitted to give the very best service.

QUINCY ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY

THE benevolent and charitable deeds of the residents of Quincy have never been lacking in aid of the distressed among them. The Fragment Society, formed in First Church, has for fifty years clothed the naked without regard to their denominational rela-

tions. Its president is Mrs. Thomas Fenno, its secretary Mrs. E. B. Marsh. For about as long a time the Quincy Charitable Society has given food and fuel to the needy. Its power to do good has been greatly increased by the gift of $10,000 by the late Elias A. Perkins. The Rev. Edward Norton is president, and Mrs. Helen L. Bass is treasurer. The faithful secretary for more than thirty years, Mrs. C. A. Spear, has been lately succeeded by Mrs. Thomas A. Addison. All the helpful service rendered by these and kindred organizations is re-enforced by the wise benefaction of Professor Jeffrey R. Brackett. He has given the fine "Brackett House," formerly the home of his father, to a charitable trust which leases it without charge to the "Quincy Women's Club." The objects of this club are social and humanitarian. The officers of the club are: president, Mrs. E. C. Bumpus; recording secretary, Mrs. John W. Sanborn; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Wilson Marsh; treasurer, Miss Annie L. Prescott.

THE parks and park-ways of Quincy are by no means the least of her advantages. True foresight, as well as public spirit, were manifested by Charles Francis Adams, the younger, when he gave Merry-Mount Park to the city in 1885. To-day its eighty-nine acres of beautifully diversified shore land are appreciated by all. This was not the case a little before 1885, when the obstructionists were in such force that a vote could not be obtained in town meeting to buy at a low price this desirable property. It was on top of this refusal and the disregard of his sagacious arguments that Mr. Adams himself bought the land, and bestowed it upon his fellow-citizens,—a most magnanimous act. It is a natural park. The commissioners who have been so careful to conserve its best features—George E. Pfaffmann, Fred B. Rice, Dexter E. Wadsworth—have done little more than follow the leadings of nature.

Faxon Park is another large breathing-space which has been given to the city. It was carved out of the homestead on which Henry H. Faxon was born, and given by that ardent reformer to his native town. It is situated on the side of Penn's Hill, picturesque in its ledges, desirable in the wide views it affords, and convenient to a part of the town which is becoming quite thickly settled.

HENRY L. EMERY

BRACKETT HOUSE—QUINCY WOMEN'S CLUB

OF all our helpful institutions few may outrank the No-License vote, now overwhelmingly cast for 24 years! It is another "Quincy system" keeping clean the ways of the city, for which we are especially indebted to Henry H. Faxon. He still lives in the renewed devotion of the No-License Committee and of Miss Eva M. Brown, his faithful secretary for years.

BETHANY CHURCH

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

THE Quincy City Hospital, the gift of the Hon. William B. Rice, rounds out magnificently the philanthropic institutions of the City of Presidents. Dr. John A. Gordon, who first broached the idea of a hospital for Quincy, and who labored so tirelessly in the beginning of things, is still one of the consulting physicians. Since its organization Mr. Rice has been president of the Board of Trustees, and Mr. Timothy Reed secretary. The Hospital Aid Association, a ladies' society, of which Mrs. Joseph C. Morse is president, Mrs. Alice D. Sanborn, secretary and Mrs. Thomas Fenno, treasurer, is instrumental in promoting interest in the hospital and in directing into practical channels the sympathy and gifts of the people.

ABOUT 34 churches earnestly labor to re-enforce the moral and spiritual elements of the community. Christ Church, Rev. W. E. Gardner, rector, is the place of worship of the oldest Episcopalian society in New England. It was formally organized in 1701, and was the church of Governor Shirley, the Vassalls, Millers, Borlands, Apthorps. In 1828, mass was celebrated for the first time in Quincy, in the presence of a number of Catholics, at West Quincy. This led to the building of St. Mary's Church in 1842, and St. John's, which has grown to be the largest, in 1853. The Universalists had services here as early as 1830, and in 1832 they erected an edifice. The Rev. W. S. Perkins, D.D. is their present pastor. Bethany Church (Evangelical Congregational), which has long been one of the largest religious societies in the community, was organized in 1832. Its pastor is the Rev. E. N. Hardy. The other churches are of much later growth.

QUINCY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

WITH all these institutions go the uplifting influences of the Public Library,—the people's college. In the old days there was a "Quincy Social Library," which was "owned by a number of proprietors, and intended for a circulating library." About the year 1870, the late Charles A. Foster aroused interest in the

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project of a public library. Nine years later Mrs. Thomas Crane and her two sons, in memory of Thomas Crane, gave to the town Crane Memorial Hall for the uses of a public library. It was designed by H. H. Richardson.

CRANE MEMORIAL HALL

WATER TOWER ON FORBES HILL

Quincy is included in the Metropolitan District, shares the advantages of the Metropolitan Park System, Sewer System, Water System. In short, it is an inseparable part of that magnificent Metropolis, central in Boston and ultimately to extend in a ten-mile circuit on every side of contiguous homes and commercial and manufacturing establishments. This is symbolized in the beautiful water tower which crowns Forbes Hill, which is easily the finest thing of its kind in the State. May Quincy, although incorporated within the Metropolitan District, never be lost in it, but rejoice forever in the distinction of its historical persons and places, its stately homes, its noble natural features!

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BOOKS ABOUT QUINCY

Quincy, as we all know, presents materials for an unusually fine story; yet how easily it might be marred in the telling! Fortunately, the person peculiarly fitted for the task, not merely by his love for this ancient community, but by his position in the line of conveyance of the lore of the past, generously responded. Charles Francis Adams, the younger, wrote his "Three Episodes of Massachusetts History." A sounding title for a local chronicle, yet how happy a stroke for Quincy! In the surpassing story of this single town he illustrates the evolution of a state. To this plan events and traditions lent themselves wonderfully. It is a book to be prized by all of the "ancient stock," and to be read with delight by such as take pleasure in the fascinating story of the making of Massachusetts. Published in two volumes by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and sold for $4.

That other book about Quincy, with a still more sounding title,—"Where American Independence Began," by Daniel Munro Wilson,—aspires to be a popular account of the men and women who have made Quincy famous. "It is swollen with illustrations," as a critic wrote deprecatingly. But they are fine, and you will not wish to spare one of the entire sixty-five. Homes and places, as well as persons, are pictured. The foregoing "Sketch" is a sample. Altogether, text and illustrations, as the superior critic writes, make "a book that ought to be read by every daughter and son of Revolutionary sires, for it will make the blood run faster and the good old American spirit revive." The price of the book is $2.25, and the publishers are Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Still another book dealing, in a measure, with Quincy, or drawing some of its inspiration from Quincy, is "Pedagogues and Parents," by Ella Calista Wilson. Written for parents chiefly, to help them to see and to solve the problem of the right education of their children, it yet has proved very attractive to teachers. A circle of about 500 of them in one of our large cities was devoted this past winter to considering its many inspiring and radical suggestions. Written "with wit and due sentiment,"—"no small amount of fun is mixed with the dead earnestness of the author's purpose,"—"so rich in apt quotation, so sparkling, and so original,"—"we wish, not hope, that this delightful little volume, more entertaining than nine-tenths of the fiction of the day, might speedily be enrolled among the 'best-selling books.'" So write the reviewers. Henry Holt & Co. are the publishers. Price $1.25.